THE

FIRST SATIRE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

HORACE,

Imitated in DIALOGUE

Between ALEXANDER POPE of *Twickenham*, in *Com' Mid'* Esq;
and his Learned COUNCIL.

To which is added,

The SECOND SATIRE of the ſame BOOK.

By the Same Hand.

Never before PRINTED.

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ERRATA.

P. 13. *Ver.* 110. For *Bear* the mean heart, that lurks beneath a Star;
Read *Bare* the mean heart, that lurks beneath a Star;

THE

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IMITATED.

SATIRA PRIMA.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HOR.' SUNT *quibus in Satyra videar nimis acer, & ultra*
Legem tendere opus; [2] *ſine nervis altera quicquid*
Compoſui pars eſſe putat, ſimileſque meorum
Mille die verſus deduci *poſſe.* [3] *Trebati!*

Quid faciam? Præſcribe.

SATIRE I.

P. THERE are (I ſcarce can think it, but am told)
[1] There are to whom my Satire ſeems too bold,
Scarce to wiſe Peter complaiſant enough,
And ſomething ſaid of Chartres much too rough.
[2] The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to ſay,
Lord Fanny ſpins a thouſand ſuch a day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,
[3] I come to Council learned in the Law.
You'll give me, like a Friend both ſage and free,
Advice; and (as you uſe) without a Fee.

TREB. [4] *Quiescas.*

HOR. *Ne faciam inquis,*
Omnino versus?

TREB. *Aio.*

HOR. *Peream male si non*
Optimum erat: [5] verum nequeo dormire.

TREB. [6] *Ter uncti*
Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto,
Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.
[7] *Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude*
CÆSARIS *invicti res dicere,* [8] *multa laborum*
Præmia *laturus.*

HOR. *Cupidum, pater optime! vires*
Deficiunt: [9] neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, *nec* fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos,
Aut labentis equo *describat vulnera Parthi.*

F. [4] I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,
[5] And for my ſoul I cannot ſleep a wink.
I nod in Company, I wake at night,
Fools ruſh into my head, and ſo I write.
F. You could not do a worſe thing for your life.
Why, if the nights ſeem tedious — take a Wife:
[6] Or rather truly, if your point be Reſt,
Lettuce and Cowſlip wine; *Probatum eſt.*
But talk with Celſus, Celſus may adviſe
Hartſhorn, or ſomething that ſhall cloſe your eyes.
[7] Or if you needs muſt write, write CÆSAR's Praiſe:
[8] You'll gain at leaſt a Knighthood, or the Bays.
P. What? like Sir [9] Richard, rumbling, rough & fierce,
With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd the verſe,
Rend with tremendous Sound our ears aſunder,
With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuſs & Thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horſe?

TREB. [10] *Attamen & justum poteras & scribere fortem,*
Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.

HOR. *Haud mihi deero,*
Cum res ipsa feret. [11] *Nisi* dextro tempore *Flacci*
Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæsaris aurem;
Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

TREB. [12] *Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi lædere versu*
Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?

[13] *Cum sibi quisque timet, quanquam est intactus, & odit.*

HOR. [14] *Quid faciam? Saltat Milonius, ut semel icto*
Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis:

L. [10] Then all your Muſe's ſofter art diſplay,
Let Carolina ſmooth the tuneful Lay,
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And ſweetly flow through all the Royal Line.

P. [11] Alas! few Verſes touch their nicer ear;
They ſcarce can bear their Laureate twice a year:
And juſtly CÆSAR ſcorns the Poet's lays,
It is to Hiſtory he truſts for Praiſe.

L. [12] Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it ſtill,
Than ridicule all Taſte, blaſpheme Quadrille,
Abuſe the City's beſt good Men in metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their truſt in Peter.
[13] Ev'n thoſe you touch not, hate you.

P. What ſhould ail 'em?

L. A hundred ſmart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer ſtill you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a ſcore.

P. [14] Each mortal has his Pleaſure: None deny
Sc*le his Bottle, D*ty his Ham-Pye;
Ridotta ſips and dances, till ſhe ſee
The doubling Luſtres dance as well as ſhe;

[15] *Caſtor gaudet equis*; ovo prognatus eodem
Pugnis: quot capitum vivunt, totidem ſtudiorum
Millia: [16] *me pedibus delectat claudere verba,*
Lucili ritu, noſtrum melioris utroque.
Ille, velut fidis arcana ſodalibus, olim
Credebat libris; neque ſi male geſſerat, uſquam
Decurrens alio, neque ſi bene: quo fit ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti deſcripta tabella
Vita ſenis. Sequor hunc, [17] *Lucanus an Appulus anceps:*
[*Nam Venuſinus arat finem ſub utrumque colonus,*
Miſſus ad hoc, pulſis (vetus eſt ut fama) Sabellis;
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hoſtis,
Sive quod Appula gens, ſeu quod Lucania, bellum
Incuteret violenta.]

[15] F— loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his Brother,
Like in all elſe, as one Egg to another.
[16] I love to pour out all myſelf, as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne.
In them, as certain to be lov'd as ſeen,
The Soul ſtood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what ſpots (for ſpots I have) appear,
Will prove at leaſt the Medium muſt be clear.
In this impartial Glaſs, my Muſe intends
Fair to expoſe myſelf, my foes, my friends;
Publiſh the preſent age; but where my text
Is Vice too high, reſerve it for the next:
My foes ſhall wiſh my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the leſs lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
[17] Verſe-man or Proſe-man, term me which you will,
Papiſt or Proteſtant, or both between,
Like good Eraſmus in an honeſt Mean,
In Moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

[18] *Sed hic ſtylus haud petet ultro*
Quenquam animantem; & me veluti cuſtodiet enſis
Vagina tectus, quem cur diſtringere coner,
[19] *Tutus ab infeſtis latronibus?* [20] *O Pater & Rex*
Jupiter! ut pereat poſitum rubigine telum,
Nec quiſquam noceat [21] *cupido mihi pacis! at ille,*
Qui me commorit (melius non tangere clamo)
[22] *Flebit, & inſignis tota contabitur urbe.*
[23] *Cervius iratus leges minitatur & urnam;*
Canidia Albuti, quibus eſt inimica, venenum;
Grande malum Turius, ſi quid ſe judice certes;
[24] *Ut, quo quiſque valet, ſuſpectus terreat, utque*
Imperet hoc natura potens; ſic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, niſi intus
Monſtratum?

[18] Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet;
[19] I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, acd Directors.
[20] Save but our *Army!* and let Jove incruſt
Swords, Pikes, and Guns, with everlaſting ruſt!
[21] Peace is my dear delight — not Fleury's more:
But touch me, and no Miniſter ſo ſore.
Who'er offends, at ſome unlucky time
[22] Slides into verſe, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
And the ſad burthen of ſome merry Song.
[23] Slander or Poyſon, dread from *Delia*'s rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be *
From furious *Sappho* ſcarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
[24] Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels,
Bulls aim their horns, and Aſſes lift their heels,
'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick but hug,
And no man wonders he's not ſtung by Pug:

[25] *Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti*

Matrem: nil faciet ſceleris pia dextra (mirum!

Ut neque calce lupus quenquam, neque dente petit bos)

Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.

[26] *Ne longum faciam; ſeu me tranquilla ſenectus*

Expectat, ſeu mors atris circumvolat alis;

Dives, inops, Romæ, ſeu ſors ita juſſerit, exul,

[27] *Quiſquis erit vitæ, ſcribam, color.*

TREB. [28] *O puer, ut ſis*

Vitalis, metuo; & Majorum ne quis amicus

Frigore te feriat.

HOR. [29] *Quid? cum eſt Lucilius auſus*

[25] So drink with Walters, or with Charters eat,
They'll never poyſon you, they'll only cheat.
[26] Then learned Sir! (to cut the matter ſhort)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,
Whether Old age, with faint, but chearful ray,
Attends to gild the Evening of my Day,
Or Death's black wing already be diſplay'd
To wrap me in the Univerſal ſhade;
Whether the darken'd room to muſe invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write;
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
[27] Like Lee or B**ll, I will rhyme and print.
L. [28] Alas young man! your days can ne'er be long,
In flow'r of age you periſh for a ſong!
Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
Will club their Teſters, now, to take your life!
P. [29] What? arm'd for *Virtue* when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of ſhameleſs, guilty men,
Daſh the proud Gameſter in his gilded Car,
~~Bear~~ the mean heart that lurks beneath a Star;

Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,

Detrahere & pellem, nitidus *qua quiſque per ora*

Cederet, introrſum turpis; *num Lælius, & qui*

Duxit ab oppreſſa meritum Carthagine nomen,

Ingenio offenſi? aut læſo doluere Metello,

Famoſiſque Lupo cooperto verſibus? Atqui

Primores *populi arripuit*, populumque *tributim*;

Scilicet UNI ÆQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS AMICIS.

Quin ubi ſe a Vulgo & Scena, *in* Secreta *remorant*

Virtus Scipiadæ, & *mitis* Sapientia Læli;

Nugari cum illo, & diſcincti ludere, donec

Decoqueretur olus, ſoliti.

Can there be wanting to defend her cauſe,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
Could penſion'd Boileau laſh in honeſt ſtrain
Flatt'rers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not [30] ſtrip the gilding off a Knave,
Un-plac'd, unpenſion'd, no Man's heir, or ſlave?
I will, or periſh in the gen'rous cauſe:
Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'ſcape the Laws.
Know, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk in peace and credit to the grave.
[31] To VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS, A FRIEND,
The World beſide may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the diſtant din that world can keep
Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but ſooths my ſleep.
[32] There, my retreat the beſt companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and Stateſmen out of place.
There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly Bowl,
The Feaſt of Reaſon and the Flow of Soul:

— Quicquid ſum ego, quamvis

Infra Lucili cenſum, ingeniunque, tamen me

[34] *Cum* magnis vixiſſe *invita fatebitur uſque*

Invidia, & fragili quærens illidere dentem,

Offendet ſolido; —

[35] *— Niſi quid tu,* docte Trebati,

Diſſentis. TREBAT.

[36] *Equidem nihil hinc diffindere poſſum.*

Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti

Incutiat tibi quid ſanctarum inſcitia legum.

[37] " Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus eſt

Judiciumque."

And He, whoſe lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
Or tames the Genius of the ſtubborn Plain,
Almoſt as quickly, as he conquer'd *Spain*.
[34] *Envy* muſt own, I live among the Great,
No Pimp of Pleaſure, and no Spy of State,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to ſpread Friendſhips, but to cover Heats,
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scriblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me.
This is my plea, on this I reſt my cauſe —
[35] What ſaith my Council learned in the Laws?
L. [36] Your Plea is good; but ſtill I ſay, beware!
Laws are explain'd by Men — ſo have a care.
It ſtands on record, that in Richard's times
A Man was hang'd for very honeſt rhymes.
[37] Conſult the Statute: *Quart.* I think it is,
Edwardi ſext. or *prim. & quint. Eliz.*

HOR. *Esto, siquis* [38] mala; *sed* bona *siquis*
Judice condiderit laudatur CÆSARE: *siquis*
Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse,
[39] *Solventur risu tabulæ; tu missus abibis.*

W. K. jn. *P. Fec.*

See *Libels*, *Satires* — there you have it — read.
P. [38] *Libels* and *Satires!* lawleſs things indeed!
But grave *Epiſtles*, bringing Vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Biſhop write,
Such as Sir Robert wou'd approve —
L. Indeed?
The Caſe is alter'd — you may then proceed.
[39] In ſuch a Cauſe the Plaintiff will be hiſs'd,
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're diſmiſs'd.

THE SECOND SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE PARAPHRASED.

SATIRA IIda.

[1] QUÆ *virtus & quanta, boni, ſit vivere parvo,*
(Nec meus hic Sermo, *ſed quem præcepit*
Ofellus
Ruſticus, [4] abnormis *ſapiens,* craſſaque Minerva)
Diſcite [5] *non inter lanceis,* menſaſque nitenteis,
Cum ſtupet inſanis acies fulgoribus, *& cum*
Acclinis falſis animus meliora recuſat;
[3] *Verum hic* impranſi *mecum diſquirite. Cur hoc?*

Dicam ſi potero — —

SATIRE II.

[1] WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
To live on little with a chearful heart,
[2] (A Doctrine ſage, but truly none of mine)
Lets talk, my friends, but talk [3] before we dine:
[5] Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from ſound Philoſophy aſide;
Not when from Plate to Plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear Bethel's Sermon, one not vers'd in ſchools,
[4] But ſtrong in ſenſe, and wiſe without the rules.

——[8] *Leporem ſectatus, equove Laſſus* —
Cum labor extuderit faſtidia, ſiccus, inanis,
Sperne cibum vilem. —[9] *Foris eſt Promus, & atrum*
Defendens piſces hyemat mare: cum ſale panis
Latrantem ſtomachum bene leniet: unde? putas, aut
Quo partum? Non in caro nidore Voluptas
Summa, ſed in teipſo *eſt* ***

[10] *Vix tamen eripiam, poſito* pavone, *velis quin*
Hoc potius quam gallina, *tergere palatum* —
Tanquam ad rem attineat quidquam: num veſceris iſta
Quam laudas, pluma? —[11] *Laudas inſane,* trilibrem
Mullum, *in ſingula quem minuas pulmenta neceſſe eſt.*
Ducit te ſpecies video. Quo pertinet ergo
Proceros *odiſſe* lupos? *quia ſcilicet illis*
Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.

[12] Porrectum magno magnum ſpectare catino
Vellem (*ait* Harpyiis *gula digna rapacibus*) *at vos*
Præſentes Auſtri! coquite horum opſonia: Quamvis

[8] Go work, hunt, exerciſe! (he thus began)
Then ſcorn a homely dinner, if you can.
[9] Your wine lock'd up, your Butler ſtroll'd abroad,
Or kept from fiſh, (the River yet un-thaw'd)
If then plain Bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleaſure lies in *you*, not in the meat.
[10] Preach as I pleaſe, I doubt our curious men
Will chuſe a *Pheaſant* ſtill before a *Hen*;
Yet Hens of *Guinea* full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers, green and gold.
[11] Of *Carps* and *Mullets* why prefer the *great*,
(Tho' cut in pieces e'er my Lord can eat)
Yet for *ſmall Turbots* ſuch eſteem profeſs?
Becauſe God made theſe large, the other leſs.
[12] *Oldfield*, with more than Harpy throat endu'd,
Cries, "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog *barbecu'd!*"
Oh blaſt it, [13] South-winds! till a ſtench exhale,
Rank as the ripeneſs of a Rabbit's tail.
By what *Criterion* do ye eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for *ſweetneſs*, that for *ſtink*?

Putet *aper*, *rhombuſque* recens, *mala copia quando*
Ægrum ſollicitat *ſtomachum*, *cum* rapula *plenus*
Atque acidas *mavult inulas*. [15] *Necdum* omnis *abacta*
Pauperies *epulis regum*: *nam* vilibus ovis
Nigriſque eſt oleis *hodie locus*. —
[16] *Tutus erat rhombus*, *tutoque* ciconia nido,
Donec vos auctor docuit Pretorius. [17] *Ergo*
Siquis nunc mergos *ſuaves edixerit* aſſos,
Parebit pravi docilis Romana Juventus.
[18] *Sordidus a tenui victus diſtabit*, *Oſello*
Judice: *nam fruſtra vitium vitaveris iſtud*,
Si te alio pravum detorſeris. *Avidienus*
[20] (*Cui* Canis *ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret*)

When the tir'd Glutton labours thro' a Treat,
The ſweeteſt thing will ſtink that he can eat;
He calls for ſomething bitter, ſomething ſour,
And the rich feaſt concludes extremely poor:
[15] Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives ſtill we ſee,
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!
[16] The *Robin-red-breaſt* till of late had reſt,
And children ſacred held a *Martin*'s neſt,
Till *Becca-ficos* ſold ſo dev'liſh dear
To one that was, or would have been a Peer.
[17] Let me extoll a *Cat* on Oyſters fed,
I'll have a Party at the *Bedford Head*,
Or ev'n to crack live *Crawfiſh* recommend,
I'd never doubt at Court to make a Friend.
[18] 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one Vice, and fall into the other:
Between Exceſs and Famine lies a mean,
Plain, but not ſordid, tho' not ſplendid, clean.
[19] *Avidien* or his Wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a [20] dog, and her a bitch)

Quinquennes oleas eſt, & ſylveſtria corna.

[21] *Ac niſi* mutatum *parcit defundere* vinum, &

Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit

Ille repotia, natales, *alioſque dierum*

[22] Feſtus *albatus celebret) cornu ipſe bilibri*

Caulibus *inſtillat*; [23] veteris non parcus aceti.

Quali igitur victu ſapiens utetur, & horum

Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt.

[24] *Mundus erit qui non offendat ſordibus, atque*

In neutram partem cultus miſer. [25] *Hic neque* ſervis

Albuti ſenis exemplo, dum munia didit,

Sævus *erit: nec ſic ut ſimplex* [26] *Nævius*, unctam

Convivis præbebit aquam: *vitium hoc quoque magnum.*

[27] *Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque ſecum*

Afferat. [28] *In primis valeas bene: nam variæ res*

Sell their preſented Partridges, and Fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
[21] One half-pint bottle ſerves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on ſome [22] lucky day (as when they found
A loſt Bank-bill, or heard their Son was drown'd)
At ſuch a feaſt [23] old vinegar to ſpare,
Is what two ſouls ſo gen'rous cannot bear;
Oyl, tho' it ſtink, they drop by drop impart,
But ſowſe the Cabbidge with a bounteous heart.

[24] He knows to live, who keeps the middle ſtate,
And neither leans on this ſide, or on that:
Nor [25] ſtops, for one bad Cork, his Butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good Cook away;
Nor lets, like [26] Nævius, ev'ry error paſs,
The muſty wine, foul cloth, or greaſy glaſs.

[27] Now hear what bleſſings Temperance can bring:
(Thus ſaid our Friend, and what he ſaid I ſing.)
Firſt Health: [28] The ſtomach (cram'd from ev'ry diſh,
A Tomb of boil'd, and roaſt, and fleſh, and fiſh,

Ut noceant homini credas, memor illius eſcæ
Quæ ſimplex [29] olim *tibi ſederat; at ſimul aſſis*
Miſcueris elixa, ſimul conchylia turdis,
Dulcia ſe in bilem vertunt, ſtomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita. [30] *Vides, ut pallidus omnis*
Cæna deſurgat dubia? quin corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitiis, animum *quoque prægravat una,*
Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.
[31] *Alter ubi dicto citius curata ſopori*
Membra dedit, vegetus præſcripta ad munia ſurgit.
[32] *Hic tamen ad melius poterit tranſcurrere quondam:*
Sive diem feſtum *rediens advexerit annus,*
Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus: *ubique*
Accedent anni, & tractari mollius ætas
Imbecilla *volet.* [33] *Tibi quidnam accedet ad iſtam*
Quam puer & validus præ-ſumis mollitiem? ſeu
Dura valetudo inciderit, ſeu tarda ſenectus?

When Bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the Man is one inteſtine war)
Remembers oft [29] the School-boy's ſimple fare,
The temp'rate ſleeps, and ſpirits light as air!
[30] How pale, each Worſhipful and rev'rend Gueſt
Riſe from a Clergy, or a City, feaſt!
What life in all that ample Body, ſay,
What heav'nly Particle inſpires the clay?
The Soul ſubſides; and wickedly inclines
To ſeem but mortal, ev'n in ſound Divines.
[31] On morning wings how active ſprings the Mind,
That leaves the load of yeſterday behind?
How eaſy ev'ry labour it purſues?
How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muſe?
[32] Not but we may exceed, ſome Holy time,
Or tir'd in ſearch of Truth, or ſearch of Rhyme.
Ill Health ſome juſt indulgence may engage,
And more, the Sickneſs of long Life, Old-age:
[33] For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate Youth the Veſſel drains?

[34] Rancidum aprum *antiqui laudabant, non quia naſus*
Illis nullus erat, ſed (credo) *hac mente, quod hoſpes*
Tardius adveniens, vitiatum commodius, quam
Integrum edax dominus conſumeret. [35] *Hos utinam inter*
Heroas natum tellus me prima tuliſſet!

[36] *Das aliquid* Famæ? (*quæ* carmine gratior *aurem*
Occupat humanam.) *Grandes rhombi, patinæque*
Grande ferent una [37] *cum* damno, dedecus. *Adde*
[38] *Iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,*
Et fruſtra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
[39] *As*, laquei *pretium.* ——

[34] Our Fathers prais'd rank Ven'ſon. You ſuppoſe
Perhaps, young men! our Fathers had no noſe?
Not ſo: a Buck was then a week's repaſt,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it laſt:
Better to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the ſweeteſt by themſelves at home.
[35] Why had not I in thoſe good times my birth,
E're Coxcomb-pyes or Coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy He, the voice of Fame to hear,
([36] That ſweeteſt Muſic to an honeſt ear;
For 'faith Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The World's good word is better than a Song)
Who has not learn'd, [37] freſh Sturgeon or Ham-pye
Are no rewards for Want, and Infamy!
When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy [38] neighbours, thy Truſtees, thy ſelf,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a ſhame,
Think how Poſterity will treat thy name;
And [39] buy a Rope, that future times may tell
Thou haſt at leaſt beſtow'd one penny well.

— [40] *Jure, inquis, Thraſius iſtis*
Jurgatur verbis; ego vectigalia magna
Divitiaſque habeo tribus amplas regibus. [41] *Ergo*
Quod ſuperat, *non eſt* melius quo *inſumere poſſis?*
Cur eget indignus quiſquam *te divite? quare*
[42] Templa *ruunt* antiqua *Deum? cur* improbe! *carè*
Non aliquid patriæ *tanto emetiris acervo?*
Uni nimirum tibi recte ſemper erunt res?
[43] *O magnus poſthac inimicis riſus! uter-ne*
[44] *Ad caſus dubios fidet ſibi certius? hic, qui*
Pluribus aſſuerit mentem corpuſque ſuperbum?
An qui contentus parvo, metuenſque futuri,
In pace, ut ſapiens, aptarit idonea bello?

[40]" Right, cries his Lordſhip, for a Rogue in need
" To have a Taſte, is Inſolence indeed:
" In me 'tis noble, ſuits my birth and ſtate,
[*] My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the Sun, let [41] Bounty ſpread her ray,
And ſhine that Superfluity away.
Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy ſtore,
How dar'ſt thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the [42] new-built Churches round thee fall?
Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair White-hall:
Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
As M** o's was, but not at five *per Cent.*
[43] Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful Jeſt for all mankind!
And [44] who ſtands ſafeſt, tell me? is it he
That ſpreads and ſwells in puff'd Proſperity,
Or whoſe wiſe forecaſt and preventing care
In Peace provides fit arms againſt a War?
[45] Thus Bethel ſpoke, who always ſpeaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:

[45] *Quo magis hoc credas, puer hunc ego parvus* Oſellum
Integris *opibus novi non latius uſum,*
Quam nunc acciſis. [46] *Videas,* metato *in agello,* *
Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profeſta
Quidquam præter [47] olus, *fumoſæ cum pede pernæ.*
At mihi cum [48] longum poſt tempus *venerit hoſpes,*
Sive operum vacuo, *&c.* — *bene erit, non* [49] piſcibus *urbe petitis,*
Sed pullo *atque* hædo; *tum* [50] penſilis uva *ſecundas*
Et nux *ornabit menſas, cum* duplice ficu.
Poſthac ludus erit [51] *Cuppa potare Magiſtra,*
Ac venerata Ceres, *ut culmo ſurgeret alto,*
Explicuit vino contractæ ſeria frontis.

His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the Man.
In *South-ſea* days not happier, when ſurmis'd
The Lord of thouſands, than ev'n now [46] *Excis'd*;
In Foreſts planted by a Father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little, I can piddle here
On [47] Broccoli and mutton, round the year;
But [48] ancient friends, (tho' poor, or out of play)
That touch my Bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no [49] Turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords.
To Hounſlow-heath I point, and Banſted-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and theſe chicks my own:
[50] From yon old wallnut-tree a ſhow'r ſhall fall;
And grapes, long-lingring on my only wall,
And figs, from ſtandard and Eſpalier join:
The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine.
Then [51] chearful healths (your Miſtreſs ſhall have place)
And, what's more rare, the Poet ſhall ſay *Grace*.

Sæviat atque novas moveat Fortuna tumultus!

Quantum hinc imminuit? quanto aut ego *parcius, aut* vos,

O pueri nituiſtis, ut huc [52] novus Incola *venit?*

[53] *Nam* propriæ telluris *herum natura neque illum*

Nec me, aut quemquam ſtatuit; nos expulit ille,

Illum aut [54] Nequities, *aut* [55] vafri inſcitia juris,

Poſtremo expellit certe [56] vivacior hæres,

[57] *Nunc ager* Umbreni ſub nomine, *nuper* Ofelli

Dictus, erit nulli proprius, ſed cedet in uſum

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. [58] *Quocirca vivite fortes!*

Fortiaque adverſis opponite pectora rebus.

Fortune not much of humbling me can boaſt;
Tho' double-tax'd, how little have I loſt?
My Life's amuſements have been juſt the ſame,
Before, and after [52] Standing Armies came.
My lands are ſold, my Father's houſe is gone;
I'll hire another's, is not that my own,
And yours my friends? thro' whoſe free-opening gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold ſage Homer's rule the beſt,
Welcome the coming, ſpeed the going gueſt.)
"Pray heav'n it laſt! (cries Swift,) as you go on;
"I wiſh to God this houſe had been your own:
"Pity! to build, without a ſon or wife:
"Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."—
Well, if the Uſe be mine, can it concern one
Whether the Name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What's [53] *Property*? dear Swift! you ſee it alter
From you to me, from me to [54] Peter Walter,
Or, in a mortgage, prove the Lawyer's ſhare,
Or, in a jointure, vaniſh from the Heir,

Or in pure [55] Equity (the Caſe not clear)
The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
At beſt, it falls to ſome [56] ungracious Son
That cries, my father's damn'd, and all's my own.
[57] Shades, that to Ba**n could retreat afford,
Are now the portion of a booby Lord;
And Hemſley once proud *Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a Scriv'ner or a City Knight.
[58] Let Lands and Houſes have what Lords they will,
Let Us be fix'd, and our own Maſters ſtill.

* Villers, Duke of Buckingham.